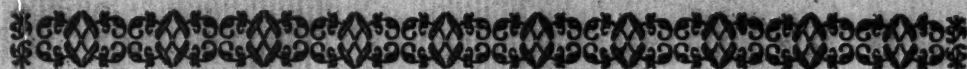


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S E V E N O K E

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P O E M.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SEVEN

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M.



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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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A View near SEV.
London, Printed for R. Sayer, & J. Bennett, Map & Print.

Handed Lt. P. 9



near SEVENOAK in Kent.
Map & Printers N^o 53 Fleet Street, as the Act directs 12 Dec^r. 1778.

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TO HIS GRACE THE
SEVENOKE.

LORD LEWTEANT GENERAL
P O E M.
GENERAL GOVERNOR

Humbly Inscribed to His GRACE the

DUKE of DORSET.

By **W. H A R R O D.**

*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

HORACE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. FULLER, in *Ave-Mary-Lane*; and BRYAN HOLLAND,
Bookfeller at *Sevenoke*, in *Kent*: And may be had of most Book-
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[Price One Shilling.]

P.

SEVEN WOK E

A

P O E M.

Humbly Inscribed to His Grace the

DUKE of DORSET.



By W. R. O. D.

Uti plures nitens in carmine, non ego pariter
Offender maculis quas aut incutit frontis
Aut humana patrum caecis notantur.

Horace

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Punter, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, and for W. B. Moxon, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, and for W. B. Moxon, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

[Price One Shilling]

To His GRACE the
DUKE of D O R S E T,
LORD LIEUTENANT GENERAL,
A N D
GENERAL GOVERNOR
O F
I R E L A N D,

The following P O E M is, with the
greatest Humility, Inscribed,

By His GRACE'S

Most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant,

W. HARROD.

To His GRACE the

DUKE of DORSET,

LORD LIEUTENANT GENERAL,

AND

GENERAL GOVERNOR

OF

IRELAND.

The following POEM is, with the
greatest Humility, inscribed,

By His GRACE's

Most Humble and

Most Obedient Servant,

W. HARROD.

RURAL OC



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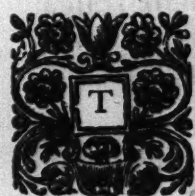
Nº 1







SEVENOK E.



HE fearful Muse which trembles as she sings,
 Assumes one daring flight. Ah could her song
 But equal DORSET's praise, how vast her fame!
 Could but her Numbers like His Goodness flow,
 Great as His Virtues—how sublime her Theme!
 To walk the lawn, and view the prospect round,
 To paint a vista, or embower'd shade,
 To sing the sweet delights of rural life,

KNOWLS' verdant groves, or thee, distinguish'd *Se'noké*,
Is all the humble Muse yet dares attempt.

The dew-bath'd winding plain then let me tread,
Where ancient Bards, inspir'd with frequent song,
Have follow'd Fairies in their circling dance.
When roseate morn AURORA'S curtain draws,
The mountain's lofty top let me ascend;
Whence the spread prospect meets the full-pleas'd eye,
In humble beauty boasting Nature's Pride.
In sacred contemplation let me gaze,
And inly ruminate the rural scene;
Or catch the hymn devout, the grateful song,
The gay-tun'd choirists chant in solemn strains
To their Creator, and all-bounteous Lord.

Hark! how the constant harbingers of morn,
From cot to cot proclaim the new-born day

Shrill, and awake the Peasant to his toil.
 When the glad Fawns dance o'er the dewy vale,
 When tender Lambkins bleat their early praise;
 When Blackbirds, whistling from the thorny shrub,
 Delight the list'ning ear with sound melodious;
 Why should Man sleep? Man, of the creatures Lord.

Now up the eastern hill the God of day,
 In glorious splendor drives his panting steeds.
 Then from meridian height his beams he darts,
 And pierces Nature with prolific heat;
 Making day joyful with his genial fires.
 Adown th' umbrageous vista let me stray,
 Where Nature wildly blooms, devoid of art;
 Friendly retreat from noon-day's sultry heat.
 Here opens to my view the verdant plain,
 The grassy carpet spread for spritely Fawns,
 Which leads where Nature frolics at her will.

Here stands the Shrub and silver-tangling Thorn,
 And Hazel brown, whose clust'ring Nuts invite
 DAMON and PHILLIS to its fruitful shade;
 Who plucking from its top the burnish'd fruit,
 Brown as the ringlets of his fair One's hair,
 With bounteous hand, he in her apron throws
 The gen'rous gift; by her with love receiv'd.

Here aged Oaks majestic, tow'ring rise,
 And spread abroad their wide-extended boughs.
 Here shady Beech (whose inoffensive bark,
 Serves plaintive Lovers to record their flame)
 In whose strong trunks the nimble Squirrels rest:
 By Boy disturb'd, from bough to bough they skip;
 And for their safety seek the topmost branch.
 The thiftly brake protects the timid Hare,
 Fearful of ev'ry breeze and falling leaf:
 And if perchance beyond the pale she stray,

To steal th' adjacent Farmer's healthful grain;
 If Dog, or Man disturb her peaceful meal,
 Fearful of danger, to the copse she runs,
 Scarce bending with her feet the tender grafs,
 Or shaking from its spires the pearly dew.

On yonder hill, behold the ripening Hop,
 When tepid Zephyrs flutter in their leaves:
 The wanton clusters wave their gilded coats;
 And spread ambrosial fragrance all around.

From hence where Art and Nature both agree
 At once to charm the heart, and please the eye,
 In thy lov'd garden let me often stray,
 Nor lost in winding mazes, they shall lead,
 Where artless harmony shall charm the mind,
 Nor shall the Rook from airy city send,
 A voice displeasing contemplation's ear.

Or wand'ring o'er the flow'ry margin stray,
 Where gazing, I my form reflected see,
 From banks enamel'd with the bloom of spring,
 When black'ning clouds the gaudy sun obscure,
 And gliding shadows o'er the water pass.
 Behold in gay disport, the finny race,
 Through the pellucid crystal how they shine.
 Down on its mossy bank their sport I'll view,
 Sweet scene of pleasure, pastime and delight!

Now lead me where the flow'ry tribe invite,
 (Emblems of sweet AMANDA in her bloom)
 Where all their sweets collected, stand confest;
 Their beauteous hues and fragrancy of smell,
 With which they scent the circumambient air.
 In full perfection ev'ry day she blooms,
 She seems a VENUS with DIANA's mien;
 Like VENUS smiles, but yet of CYNTHIA's train.

[II]

From her prolific mind the Virtues dart
 Their glowing beams, in infinite succession.
 APOLLO deign'd to take the silver pen,
 For him except, none dare assume the task.
 He look'd, He saw, He heard,---essay'd to write;
 But soon he found the pow'r of language fail.
 He nam'd her Perfect, nam'd her All-complete;
 But found the wond'rous theme transcend his praise.

Now down the dusky freescade let me walk,
 Where black'ning Yew creates a solemn scene,
 And dark-green verdure paints the gloomy path;
 For meditation, and for thought design'd.
 In the deep bosom of this awful shade,
 This reverential gloom, this solemn walk,
 Involv'd in thought amusive let me stray,
 As Spirits wander thro' their blest Elysium.

The Orphan's Father, and the Prop of Age.

No racking Passions shall my mind molest,
 Serenely blest in this obscure abode ;
 Free from the slanderous tongues of fraudulent men ;
 From Envy hid, and from the World retreat,
 Thy pow'ful influence rolls o'er all the soul,
 Thy solemn muteness gives new life to thought ;
 And wakes the moral virtues in the mind.

But see yon' train, whose aspect meagre, wan,
 Bespeak them resident with Grief and Woe ;
 The hospitable gates spontaneous ope,
 Where smiling Charity, with lib'ral hand,
 Deals DORSET'S bounty ; the pleas'd Almoner
 Makes misery awhile forget its woe,
 And soothes the rigorous hand of dire distress :
 O nameless pleasure ! O extatic bliss !
 To be Defender in the Widow's cause,
 The Orphan's Father, and the Prop of Age.

By gen'rous acts, like these, the noble mind
 Anticipates the purest joys above;
 Sweet foretaste of his certain future bliss.

Now wide the prospect breaks upon my view,
 The salutary air breaths fragrant gales,
 By Zephyrs wafted from the distant hills,
 When the gay God in bright effulgence shines,
 And pours his lucid rays along the vale;
 How smiles the golden harvest all around!
 The yellowing Corn like plains of Topaz seems,
 And promis'd plenty meets the well-pleas'd eye.
 Thou * *Vine* for pleasure and for sport design'd,
 Where lively activeness strings ev'ry nerve;
 What lofty hills encompass thee around!
 See the selected spritely bands advance,

* Famous for Cricket.

Big with the hope of Conquest, and of Fame,
 From nervous arm, with force impetuous fee,
 The crimson ball attack the destin'd mark.
 The Youth's disastrous, short-liv'd, luckless chance
 Prompts his successor to avenge his cause.
 Quick from the repercussive bat aloft,
 The mounting ball divides the yielding air.
 Th' advent'rous Youth, with eager eye intent,
 And nimble feet, springs o'er the shaven plain,
 Her airy course pursuing. Far o'er head
 She takes her lofty flight, his speed avoids,
 His pains evades, and downwards furious darts
 With sudden haste, swift gliding on the green.
 The war grows high; shouts echo o'er the plain,
 And ev'ry breast, ambitious, pants for Conquest.
 Again the ranks renew'd, the harden'd ball
 Flies, with its usual vigor, to the goal.

Again repuls'd, she soars; ah, luckless chance!
 Just where the watchful Youth stops her career,
 And ere she kiss the ground, he grasps her fast.
 Around the circle shrill applauses ring,
 Sent up to Heav'n in acclamations loud.

The rural Lass, with cheeks like ruddy morn,
 And joy extatic, sees her wish confirm'd.
 She flushes crimson transport and delight;
 Soft pleasing pleasure pants within her breast,
 And in her eye her Lover stands reveal'd.

As Fortune smiles or frowns, their hopes and fears
 Alternately prevail. Anon the Victors
 Full-flush'd with Conquest, and elate with Joy,
 From social bowls quaff deep the potent juice.
 'Tis now the Vanquish'd find returning vigor:
 Th' exhilarating liquor fires their breasts;

And emulation runs thro' ev'ry vein —
 Altho' repuls'd, they scarcely own they're conquer'd,
 And to another onset dare the foe.

Muse quit the sportive plain, the bowl's decoy,
 And to a theme more noble tune thy lays.
 Then lead, RELIGION, sacred Virgin, lead
 To thy lov'd court. Lead where the greatly Good,
 The greatly Virtuous, and the Brave repair.
 Shew me where *Righteousness* and *Truth* resort,
 Th' unerring guides of frail Mortality.
 Teach me the knowledge of myself to know,
 How vain is life, and ah! how vain life's joy.

Hail, sacred Dome! thou solemn Temple hail!
 Where fearful Penitents for mercy sue
 (Shunn'd by the Sons of Infamy and Shame)
 With contrite hearts deploring errors past,

Accusing Conscience makes our Vices known,
 With deep remorse we shudder at our crimes;
 Humbly we supplicate for pardon here;
 And Heav'n in mercy spares the guilty soul.

All hail, thou sacred ground! Thou kind receiver
 Of Clay deserted; to the Friendless, Friend:
 The Orphan's home, and Widow's best retreat;
 Thou universal, and thou kindest Mother:
 O sacred keep the dust that lodges here,
 The kindest Mother, and the best of Sires.
 Hail to thy Horrors, they are lovely too,
 Instructive lessons to the Good and Wise.

Fain would the conscious Muse assume to praise,
 (But that the Subject far exceeds her verse)

ELIZA, in whose breast the Graces dwelt,

Two noted Masters of the Grammar School.

Where Virtue triumph'd, and where Love retir'd:
 Alone created for the Public Good.
 Her name is stamp'd eternal in the hearts
 Of ev'ry worthy, ev'ry honest *Briton*;
 But how much more on Thee, distinguish'd *Ser'nok*?
 Thy stately * Seminary ever stands
 A Witness of her Love, Her Love to Thee.
 Thy † FARNABY and FENTON ever live
 Enroll'd in records of eternal Fame:
 And HOLME now labours in the pleasing toil.
 Nature adorn'd in all the dress of *Art*,
 The pomp of Learning, and the force of Science,
 Confin'd to Virtue, and by Reason curb'd,
 Creeps from its tender buds, wide opes its folds,
 And blooms a beauty immarcescible.

* A Grammar School founded there by Queen ELIZABETH.

† Two noted Masters of the Grammar School.

On either Hand a lovely Fabric stands,
Where Wo finds comfort, and old Age repose.

Hail ! Native *Sev'noké*, hail ! and ye who dwell,
The blest Inhabitants, all hail ! May *Truth*,
May *Virtue*, fix their center here, and grace
These plains, where all my Youth was spent in peace.
No lewd Detraction, Calumny, or Vice,
No false dishonest Arts, or subtil Wiles,
No Gaming, I falsly nam'd amusive Sport,
(Pernicious taint of Morals in their bud)
Disturb the quiet of a place so fair :
But reign Religion, reign in brightest Splendor ;
Cast forth thy beams, enlighten ev'ry heart ;
And may Their actions speak Thy Laws obey'd.
And Thou, our Country's best support, O Trade,
Widely extend thy benefits around :

Shine out in blaz'ning rays, that all may know,
 That all may call, my native *See'nake* blest,
 No Superstition e'er approach your plains;
 But ev'ry decent form, like Truth unveil'd,
 Be ever visiting your blest abodes,
 Attend, ye heav'nly Guardians. There attend,
 Ye Ministers of never-fading bliss,
 And pour out vials of eternal joy.

These blessings to encrease be yours, ye Fair;
 Nor when his tale the love-sick Youth relates,
 Or at your feet his constant vows renew,
 Be deaf, nor all his fond intreaties scorn;
 Love is a tribute which Your sex demand,
 A debt most just—Then why delay the pay?
 Ye wrong yourselves refusing your just due;
 Receive the offer, and be kindly wise.

Now, O ye Pow'rs that guard *Britannia's* isle,
Long, long preserve the Guardian of her laws ;
In peaceful sway great GEORGE'S reign prolong,
And be, with *Sev'noke*, all the Nation blest.

F I N I S.



[21]

Now, O ye Pow'rs that guard Britannia's isle,
Long, long preserve the Guardian of her laws;
In peaceful sway great GEORGE'S reign prolong,
And be, with Jewels, all the Nation bless.

